

Title: The Sleeping Beauty

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She lay silent on the flat stone lest be her coffin. You can nay tell where her velvet green dress ends, and the mass of entangled vines begin. They creep through the castle walls, in and out of the damp and crumbling mortar. She has a crown of roses and thorns climbing through her golden silk locks. Her eyes enclosed in endless sleep, her lips so red they should drip rubies. Portraits of beauties hang from the walls entwined in cobwebs their inhabitants long gone and dead. Lace curtains drape, over her lovely Majesty, that were long ago white are now yellowed and striken with the age of a hundred years. The glass doors leading to the balcony are open letting in the chilled air of the morning. Doves sit on the railing enjoying the view of the royal courtyard, oh so far below them. Then, his footsteps are heard echoing up the towers steps so high. He reaches the top, looking at his princess longingly. He drops to his knees. Takes her hands in his and kisses her.

She stirs suddenly as
the magic lifts her
into his arms, he
carries her down the
neverending steps...
As the flowers bloom
on the vines and the
doves sweetly sing.